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Re-Living Christ,

EASTER-THOUGHTS

for

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.



MARY LOWE DICKINSON

EMING H. REVELL CO.

PUBLISHERS.

The Living Christ.



The Living Christ:

Easter Thoughts

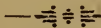
for

The King's Daughters.

BY

MARY LOWE DICKINSON,

General Secretary of the Order.



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Lovingly Dedicated

To my Friends and Co-Workers,

The Central Council

— of —

The Order of "The King's Daughters"

Easter Tide, 1891.

By the Author.

Invocation.



WELL Thou in all, O tender Christ
and sweet,
Who bring their Easter offerings
to Thy feet.

Let care, and bitterness, and sin find room,
To lie in death—in Thy deserted tomb.

Bid Thy strong Angels guard the sealed
door,

That self come forth, to curse Thy world no
more.

Thy life be life of all earth's precious things,
Thy throne the hearts that crown Thee
King of Kings.

The Living Christ.



YE, the lilies are pure in their pallor;
the roses are fragrant and sweet ;
The music pours out like a sea-

wave pulsing in praise at His feet,
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus is
risen again,
But we look for the signs of His living in the
hearts of the children of men.

Wherever a soft hand of pity falls soft on a
wound or a woe ;

Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to
o'er-master a foe ;

Wherever a tender heart's mercy out-reaches
to succor a need ;

Wherever springs healing for wounding, the
Master is risen indeed.

Wherever the soul of a people arises in
courage and might,
And flings off the grave-bands that shrouded
its hope in the gloom of the night;
Wherever in sight of God's legions the
armies of evil recede
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom,—the
Master is risen indeed.

So fling out your banners, brave toilers, bring
lilies to altar and shrine.
Ring out, Easter bells, He is risen. For you
is the token and sign;—
There's a world moving sunward and Godward.
Ye are called to the front, ye must lead;
Behind are the grave and the darkness:
The Master is risen indeed.

•

Easter Lilies.



NOT as we bring our garlands to a
tomb,

To breathe heart-fragrance o'er a
lost one's rest,

Bring we this wreath of sweetness and
of bloom

To crown this day, of all our days the best ;

But as if love, and gratitude and prayer,

Lying in grave-dark that enwrapped His
face,

Had seen His smile break forth with won-
drous grace

And sudden blossomed into beauty there.

As if along the way that felt His tread

Life burst from death as flowers from
the sod ;

So new life springs to meet the heart
of God,

In joyful praise that Christ no more is dead.

The Easter Morn.



Y thy Lenten sorrow led,
Wouldst thou weep beside the
dead,
Silent on His rock-hewn bed?
Stealing, sobbing, through the gloom,
Would thy penitence find room,
Sackcloth-clad, within His tomb?

Hush ! thy broken spirit's moan
Cannot pierce the gate of stone,
Entering where he lies, alone ;
Nor the clamor of thy cries
Once uplift the sealed eyes—
Cause the stricken form to rise.

Were riven, that, living, Thy life might save.
But blind and wayward I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me;
And my heart o'erburdened with care and
 sin,
Had no fair chambers to take Thee in :

Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head ;
There was nothing to offer, no bread, no
 wine,

No oil of joy in this heart of mine ;
And yet the light of Thy kingly face
Illumed for Thyself, a small, dark place,
And I crept to the spot by Thy smile made
 sweet,

And tears came ready to wash Thy feet.

Now let me come nearer, O Lord Divine,
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine ;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be

Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.

Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,

Reign, I will worship and serve my guest.

While Thou art in me—and in Thee I
abide—

No end can come to the Easter tide.



The Easter Guest.



I KNEW Thou wert coming, O Lord
Divine,

I felt in the sunlight a softened
shine,

And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard,
In the ripple of brooks and the chirp of bird;
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass ;
And the sky, and the sea, and the throbbing
sod
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Love Divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine ;
I know the bonds of the rock-hewn grave

Hush ! draw nearer while ye pray,
Through the night-gloom breaks the day—
Lo, the stone is rolled away !
Bend and look ! Beside the bed
Where he lay—the royal Dead—
Watching angels wait instead.
Hark ! upon the listening ear,
Falls a voice serene and clear
“He is risen,” “He is not here.”
Is not here ! then where, O where ?
If we find Him not, despair
Is the answer to our prayer.

Nay, not so—the soul in pain
Ne'er need miss His face again—
Jesus lives, and lives to reign.
As beneath the Olive bough,
With the glory on His brow
Mary saw,—we see him now.
As of old to Emmaus
With His dear ones,—even thus,
He will walk and talk with us.

To our upper chambers still
Where we meet to wait His will,
He will come, our hearts to fill.
Living in each secret care,
Living in each joy or prayer,
All around us everywhere,
Jesus lives again.



Thine Easter Day.



WITHIN thy heart is there an
opened tomb?

Have God's strong angels rolled
the stone away?

Rises thy dead self from its bonds of clay?
Breaks Heaven's sweet light across the dark
and gloom?

Then is this day in truth thine Easter day.

If broken down are stony gates of pride,
If shrouding bands of earth are torn away.

If sin, and wrath and scorn in thee have
died,

Mourn not the past;—the folded shroud
beside

Angels will watch;—it is thine Easter day.

Rise, new-born soul, and put thine armor on;
Clasp round thy breast the garments of the
light ;

Gird up thy loins for battle. In the fight
He leads who upward from our sight has
gone ;

It is His day ; there's no more death nor
night.

No dark, no hurt, no more sharp pain nor
loss ;

All buried, hidden 'neath the grave's dark
sod ;

All ways forgotten, save the road He trod ;
All burdens naught in sight of His—the
cross ;

All joy, alive and safe with Christ in God !

The Witness.



Y the throb of joy that swells,
In the sound of Sabbath bells,
By the praises clear that ring,
In the songs our glad hearts sing ;
By the touch of light and bloom
In the Lenten shade and gloom,
Know we death has ceased to reign,
Know we Christ has risen again.
By the lilies white and sweet,
Laid down at His sacred feet ;
By the roses blushing red,
For the thorns that pierced His head—

By the sea of love and prayer,
Pulsing round us everywhere,
By the peace that conquers pain,
Know we Jesus lives again.

Lives for us for whom he died ;—
Closely to his wounded side
Draws us, in our sorest grief,
Charms us from our unbelief;
Lives our daily load to bear,
Lives, His joy with us to share,
Closest in our bitterest need
Christ the Lord is risen indeed.



Risen for Us.



AY, did it mean to break the
bands that bound Him
And stand forth free beneath
Judea's sky;

With holy stars above and silence round
him,

And all forgot the tomb and Calvary?

Or did it mean such radiance of glory,
Breaking from heaven on His ravished sight,
As blotted out for aye the mournful story
That ended for Him in the grave's dark
night?

Or did the gladness of the new life, throbbing

In warm free pulses, through His wounded heart,

Shut out from Him the sound of human sobbing

O'er woe and pain in which He once had part?

Nay, nay, not so : whatever priceless blessing,

Within his radiant crown of joy was set,

The grief, the wrong, the burden on us pressing

Are still his own ;—the Lord can not forget !

Though from our tearful eyes to heaven ascended,

He yet is with us in each hour of need.

Though cross, and thorn, and shame for Him are ended

He bears our own ;—the Lord is risen indeed.

The Victor.



ESTERDAY, distress and gloom,
Folded shroud and rock-hewn tomb,
Where to-day is light and bloom.

Brooding darkness yesterday,
On the spot where Jesus lay;
Now the stone is rolled away,

And triumphant voices ring,
With the hymn the blessed sing,
Death at last has lost its sting.

Lost its sting and lost its sway,
O'er to-day or yesterday.
Where is now thy victory ?

Where thy triumph, vaunting grave ?—
Seas of pardon softly lave
Souls the Master rose to save.

And the Easter bells' glad strain,
Is for all who, washed from stain,
Rise henceforth o'er sin and pain !



Comfort.



WATCHER, waiting for a sign,
In that doubting heart of thine,
Where but shadows darkling lay,
He will roll the stone away.

When thy sin, thy shame, thy pride,
In His tomb lie crucified,
Christ shall rise in thee to reign,
And thy dead Lord live again.

And this life that throbs to-day,
In each tender word ye say,
Pulsing in each hope or prayer,
Is the sign that Christ is there.

On thy striving drops His calm ;
On thine anguish falls His balm ;
Let thy heart its joy-bells ring,
He, the risen Christ, is King.



Alive in Him.



“ LIFE for us is in his *dying!*”
So our humbled souls keep
crying;
While the Lenten tears fall
faster

At the grave that shrouds the Master,
Till within that gloomy garden
Shines His presence and His pardon—
Glimpse of Easter glory giving—
Then, “Our life is in His *living!*”

While He, patient, waits the voicing
Of our triumph and rejoicing,
Filled with our own hearts’ devices
Still we bring our burial spices.
Yet the Love whose taking hallows
Our poor gifts of myrrh and aloes,
Rainbows e’en our tears, and raises
Broken, trembling prayers to praises.

Watcher where the grave-glooms darken
Lift thy shadowed soul, and harken !
Hear the strong, triumphant singing
Of the risen in Christ, loud ringing
In glad anthems from the portals
Of the home of the Immortals !
“ Sealed no longer death’s dark prison—
Christ, the Conqueror, is risen ! ”

Tarry not to place thy finger
In the wounds where nail-prints linger ;
Leave the linen cloths that bound him ;
Sing, with Mary, “ I have found him ! ”
Be thy mighty love the token
That for thee His heart was broken.
Whom the living Christ has shriven
Knows, e’en here, the peace of heaven.

Death in Christ is dawning gladness ;
Life in Christ is robbed of sadness ;
Faith in Christ that will not falter
Crowns with Easter bloom his altar,
Decks his shrine in sweetness vernal,
Lives with Christ the life eternal,
Tells, in song and chime and story,
All a risen Saviour’s glory.

Roll Away the Stone.



TELL us not, O song of poet, tales of
how their white plumes tossed,
Like the snow-capped waves in sea-
storm, when the knightly lances
crossed,

And Christian warred with Saracen for tomb,
beloved and lost.

Blood and anguish little counted, life and
courage all unpriced,

Gave they to this holy warfare,—naught too
much, yet naught sufficed,—

For an empty tomb they battled, not the
living Christ.

To this day the Christ lies buried, wrapped
and hidden in His own,

Under fold on fold of evil, till the hearts
meant for His throne,

Are like graves from whose dark doorway
none can roll away the stone.

By such tombs watch weeping women, dark-
some night and dreary day.

For one sight of Christ the Master, through
the folding shroud of clay ;

For the coming of an angel who shall roll the
stone away.

And God sends not one but many, soft of
word and sweet of face,

And the stony portal trembles at this miracle
of grace,

Till the buried Christ awakens, and His pres-
ence fills the place.

God of love where'er the evil shrouds the
good in hearts of men,

Grant this miracle of mercy be re-wrought,
until again

Good that stifled in its grave-clothes, re-
appears to mortal ken.

And defeated souls and fettered, loosed from
bonds, in freedom stand,

Ready both to do and suffer at the King's
divine command ;

Let the angel touch that frees them be a
loving woman's hand.

After Easter.



THE Easter praises may falter
And die with the Easter Day,
The blossoms that brightened
the altar

In sweetness may fade away ;
But after the silence and fading
Lingers a blessing unpriced,
Above all changing and shading.
The love of the living Christ.

For the living Christ *is* loving,
And the *loving* Christ *is* alive !
His life hidden in us is moving
Us ever to pray and to strive.

Alas ! that e'en in our striving
We toil like the spirits in prison,
Forgetting that Jesus is living,
Forgetting the Saviour has risen !

We join in the Easter rejoicing,
And echo each gladdening strain
While a pitiful minor is voicing
Our own secret doubting or pain.
We weave Him a shroud of our sadness,
We cover his smile with our gloom,
And drive back the angel of gladness
That waits at the door of the tomb.

We forget that our own hearts have hidden
Our Christ in a grave of our own ;
We forget that our own hands are bidden
To roll from the threshold the stone.
Yet our tearful eyes, drooping and weary,
With watching in sorrow and fear,
Might see, with the heart-broken Mary,
That the Lord is alive—and is here.

S. G.





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